

The Weekly Chronicle.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge..... Robt. Mays
Sheriff..... T. J. Driver
Clerk..... A. M. Kelsey
Treasurer..... C. L. Phillips
Commissioners..... A. S. Blowers
Assessor..... D. S. Kinsey
Surveyor..... W. H. Whipple
Superintendent of Public Schools..... C. L. Gilbert
Coroner..... W. H. Butts

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor..... W. F. Lord
Secretary of State..... H. R. Kincaid
Treasurer..... Phillip Metcahan
Supt. of Public Instruction..... G. M. Irwin
Attorney-General..... C. M. Edman
Senators..... G. W. McBride
..... J. H. Mitchell
..... H. Sherman
Congressmen..... W. R. Ellis
State Printer..... W. H. Leeds

TWO PICTURES.

Barney Barnato, the great speculator in African mines, has taken the suicide route out of this world into the next. He was on the steamer bound from Cape Town to England, and brooding over his losses, which are said to have been heavy, he jumped overboard and was drowned.

His sister-in-law says: "He has lost loads and loads and loads of money lately, no wonder he committed suicide." She also says that his wealth at the time of his death was \$15,000,000.

Poor fellow! When one considers the wretched state of poverty to which inordinate ambition and overweening desire had reduced him, one is forced to say, with his sister-in-law, "No wonder he committed suicide." Had there been thirty or forty millions of dollars left of his fortune, he might have managed to rent a flat and eke out an existence through a genteel poor old age.

His was a remarkable career. He was an English Jew, and began his money-making career with a trick donkey. He didn't even have the beggarly pittance of \$15,000,000 then, but he was undoubtedly much happier than when he had, for life held no charms for him when reduced to poverty.

Contrast his case with that of the stout-hearted old man who built Denver, who developed the mines of Colorado, until today they lead the world in the production of gold, and who, losing every dollar he had in the world, is today cheerfully swinging his pick as a common laborer in the very mines he once owned.

The pictures make a vivid contrast, and we confess to a decided preference for the stout-hearted old American who accepts poverty as he accepted riches, and who going to his work can say, as Byron said to Moore:

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a sigh for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate."

SO SAY WE, ALL OF US.

The forestry cranks of the East assume that the only object in life most western people have is to destroy the forests, and that this is especially true of Oregonians. There never was a more serious mistake. The citizens of Oregon want the forests protected just as much as the people of Boston. They have just as much interest in them, and certainly as much pride. The difference is that the people of Oregon want the protection furnished without prohibiting the use thereof. They believe in using the vast mountain ranges for the pasturage of stock, so long as no injury is done thereby. They believe that the hardy prospector, who year after year has patiently and hopefully sought the alluring mine, should be allowed to locate it, whether it happen to be in the forest-clad mountains of the Cascades or the sage-covered hills of Grant and Baker counties. They believe that the mountains whereon the forests grow can be used without injuring the timber, and they pro-

pose so to use them. Public sentiment on the coast is all in favor of such use of the lands now embraced within the forest reservations, and public sentiment is liable to become, or to be looked upon, as pretty good law, in cases where arrests are made for violating the statutes in such cases made and provided.

As for Oregonians destroying the forests, the Eastern people are not acquainted with the Oregon farmer. We know some of them who have lived in the woods for twenty-five years, and have not yet mustered up courage enough to destroy the timber on two acres around their cabin doors.

One of the first things congress should do is to open the reservations to prospectors, so that whatever is found of precious metals may be taken out of the earth and put in circulation. As it is, the person finding a mine within the limits of the reservations cannot get title to it.

Now that the sugar schedule is out of the way, it seems probable that the tariff bill will soon reach a vote. This cannot happen too soon. Changing from one tariff rate to another always unsettles business and nearly always results, temporarily at least, in the loss of revenues by the government. When the Dingley bill goes into effect the first thing to expect is a decrease of revenues, and a consequent jubilation of the Democratic press; and yet it is only the natural sequence. The reason is evident. Wool, woolen goods, and all other products on which the Dingley bill will raise the duties, have been shipped into the country in immense quantities by speculators who desire to take advantage of increased prices. The result is that they reap the profit instead of the government for a little while. The market being supplied with certain classes of goods, no more are imported until these are sold, hence there will be a falling off in revenues.

Mr. Hugh Lee of Meriden, Connecticut, who was with Lieutenant Peary on his expedition to the north pole neighborhood, thinks the most feasible way to get to that long-sought point is to ride there on a bike. He says the ice is frozen as smooth and level as on the ponds of our own country, and this is covered with hard packed snow that would bear a wheel. The plan seems all right, always providing Mr. Lee's premises are correct. But are they? Other Arctic explorers all mention an open sea that shuts them off, or rough broken ice that made traveling over difficult, and almost impossible. Evidently either the other Arctic explorers have been fooling the world, or Lee is running a cold bluff.

The trial of the ghouls who dragged the body of Wm. Ladd from its grave, is going on in Portland. Rector, one of them, sets up the defense that he was simply going to rob a grave for the purpose of furnishing the body for dissecting purposes; that he did not know it was Ladd's grave that was to be robbed, and that when he did learn that fact he backed out, but was compelled by threats and fear of his life to proceed. The defense will not avail him, since he went to rob a grave, though not Ladd's, for the offense would have been the same. It is highly probable, and highly proper that the whole gang will soon be doing service for the state.

The secretary of the navy has ordered the warships Modadnock and Monterey to proceed to Portland as soon as ready for sea, and to arrive in time to participate in the Fourth of July celebration. The adjunct to Portland's celebration comes high, but the government can at least show the people what their money has been spent for. Both these ships are of the monitor pattern, and both formidable war machines in which the patriotic citizen on the glorious Fourth can take honest pride. The Oregon will not be sent to Portland, as she draws so much water her officers are afraid to bring her up.

The rate war between the O. R. & N. and the Southern Pacific goes merrily on. Commencing today the

special trains to San Francisco will be withdrawn and the special rates will be given on the regular trains. In other words, the fare to San Francisco will be \$10 and \$5 on the daily trains, which will leave Portland at 6 o'clock p. m. The companies may not be making much money, but the traveling public are getting the benefit, if it is a benefit. Those who must travel save money by the change, while others who do not need to travel are induced to blow in their money.

HAS AN INDIAN RIGHTS?

Has an Indian any rights that his pale-faced brother is bound to respect? The answer is a most emphatic No! History proves it. From the time the Spaniard first set foot on American soil, the native has known no rights, except such as he could maintain by force. Cortez made him a beast of burden and a slave. His gold was taken from him in Mexico, and his daughters fell a prey to the Spaniard's desires. It was no better along the Atlantic shore. Having no gold of which he could be spoiled, the white man took his broad lands, not by force, but by superior knowledge and superior trading power. He gave a handful of beads, or a few dollars' worth of gew-gaws for priceless acres. He took advantage of the Indian's lack of knowledge to cheat him in trade, instead of robbing him by force. Of the two systems that of the Spaniard was the more manly.

The time came when the encroachments of the white man showed the Indian that he must resist them or be crowded off the face of the earth. He resisted the best he could; but against the superior knowledge of warfare and superior weapons he was powerless. He ran up against the inevitable and was annihilated. Across the Alleghenies the conquering pale-face forced his way; then down through the fertile valley of the Ohio, across Kentucky's battleground, he swept his resistless way. The Indian fought and lost. He was told to move on, until across the Mississippi, far from the graves of his ancestors, a new home was selected for him. The white man had crowded him into what was then considered the great American desert. That's what the white man thought it was, but it was good enough for an Indian, simply because the lands the white man drove him from were "too good for an Indian."

Here he might have been permitted to stay had the white man's idea of the country been correct; but it wasn't. The great American desert was a great American myth. True, there was some of that so-called section unfit for agricultural purposes, but the countless thousands of buffalo proved it to be a great grazing country, and a grazing country was too good for an Indian, simply because it was good enough for a white man. Besides this, a bountiful creator had filled the mountains with precious metals, and what use had an Indian for money, anyhow? The mountains were too good for him, too. And so he was kicked from pillar to post for no other reason than that the white man wanted the earth, or at least so much of it as could possibly furnish existence for an Indian.

The native son resisted, and he did right. He fought for his home, for his rights; only he hadn't any, or at least none that a white man was bound to observe.

And so, by slow degrees, leaving behind him a trail of blood, he was moved at the white man's will, steadily decreasing in numbers, steadily fighting the unconquerable. At last broken in spirit, he was herded on reservations, a prisoner in the land of his fathers, with metes and bounds set, beyond which his feet dare not tread. He is conquered at last, ground exceedingly fine between the millstones of greed and selfishness. The white man found him 400 years ago a gallant, generous, kindly-hearted, chivalric man; a child of nature, free from vice, who extended to the pale-faced brother from over the sea the hand of hospitality. The white man was a stranger and he took him in; but the white man in

turn took the Indian in also, and all that was his. He rewarded the Indian's hospitality with the same generous return that the germs of measles, scarlet fever, of smallpox, do the gentleman who furnishes a home for them, the only difference being that those diseases would have spared some.

But this is not what we started to say; it is simply a digression, a sort of prelude to the crowning act against the simple child of the forest.

Down among the Cheyennes some forty Indians, or bucks, are living in a state of polygamy, having, in the aggregate, one hundred wives, or an average of two and a half each. The secretary of the interior heard of this, and it struck him as too many. He looked around among his white brethren, and realizing that one wife made life worth living (over again) to most of them, his heart went out in a great wave of pity for those forty Cheyennes. He issued a decree, from which there is no appeal, commanding these forty bucks to each choose of his wives one, and to discard the others. It was a cruel and a wicked thing to do. We do not believe in polygamy, God forbid! but we recognize the position these poor simple-minded Indians are placed in.

Whatever else may be said of Indians, they are human, and the paternal instinct is developed in them as in all humanity. For the male Indian the injury is slight; but how about the squaw? How about the children! How about the family separated? We know that concerning civilized white folks, who robbed the Indian of a continent, these things are considered immoral. For a white man they would be, for what harm would have been done to have allowed these poor red remnants to have finished their days along with the families their customs had permitted them. We have taken their lands, their homes. The graves of their fathers are turned up by the white man's plow, and the bones of their loved ones are cast aside to make room for the white man's buildings. We have forced our laws upon them, and our religion.

And now at the nod of the secretary of state the last of their customs vanishes, and these forty Cheyennes, in their old age, are told to segregate their families and then to choose between their wives. Alas! poor Lo.

In the readjustment of classifications and salaries of presidential postoffices made recently, Carson City, Nevada, was advanced from third to second class. As Nevada has in population steadily decreased, the remarkable growth of the post-office patronage at first seems unaccountable. The explanation, however, is simple. The increase was owing to the literary tastes of Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and all that gang of followers and admirers. Their correspondence swelled the receipts sufficiently to raise the postoffice to the second class.

Hawaii is going to be annexed to the United States in some shape. Circumstances compel it, the destiny of the country commands it. This being true, it is with much satisfaction that most good citizens will read the president's plan of preventing the Coolies already there coming to this country. That was the one serious objection to annexation, and that removed, the balance of the program becomes easy. The other territories being admitted, the state of Hawaii will round out the half hundred.

The little tug Dauntless has been released, and in less than six hours she put to sea, presumably to take on a cargo of arms and ammunition for the Cuban insurgents. She is properly named, and if Cuba should obtain her freedom, she should be purchased and kept as being, during the struggle for freedom, the Cuban's entire navy.

Weather Observer Pague has sent out circulars asking that the recipient thereof write him how much money or property had been saved him by receiving the river reports. We don't know how it was with others, but none of our vast wealth was exposed to the ravages of flood or fire, hence the reports did not save us anything.

Fire at Umatilla.

A destructive fire occurred at Umatilla Sunday evening, when it was discovered at 8 o'clock that Henry Means' store was in flames. The fire was occasioned by the overturning of a lamp in the rear room of the store by Mr. Means placing it on the end of a fruit box. It was no more than sixty seconds later that the building was one mass of roaring flames and in an incredibly short space of time the store and the A. R. Jack hotel and dwelling house property were all in ashes.

Mr. Means saved scarcely anything but a few of the books and an armful of sweaters, his loss being about \$5000 on building and stock, with insurance amounting to \$1950 on the stock, \$200 on the postoffice fixtures and \$500 on the building. The loss on the other property will not be less than \$3000 making \$8000 in all.

Dick Kelly, landlord of the hotel, saved some of his furniture and bedding, but lost heavily, with a very small insurance.

Camp Jackson.

It will be but ten days until the military encampment at Hood River will take place. The engineers corps, under Lieutenant Povey, will reach Hood River Thursday evening, June 24th, and will lay out the camp ground. The next contingent to arrive will be the Third battalion infantry, which will leave The Dalles Monday morning, June 28th, on the 8:30 train. Companies D, La Grande; C, Pendleton, and A, Wasco, will arrive at Hood River on the morning of the 29th. The balance of the troops from the west side of the mountains will reach Hood River the evening of the 28th. The camp is very favorably located about two miles west of Hood River, and has been named Camp Jackson, in honor of the distinguished officer detailed by the government as instructor of the Oregon militia. When the boys get in camp once, there will no doubt be many of their friends visit them.

Card of Thanks.

The Lutheran ladies desire to mention their gratitude to the public for the good will so kindly shown them last evening in so many ways, especially to the members of the Degree of Honor, who visited them in a body.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

THAT a good appetite is always bliss.
THAT it is worth while discovering a new comet.
THAT treading on a velvet carpet edifies the soul.
THAT calling it a landscape will improve a back yard.
THAT the poetic habit is an abomination and a snare.
THAT a taste for liquor is one of the symptoms of genius.
THAT it's easier to analyze a dude than carbonic-acid gas.
THAT encyclopedic knowledge can purchase a five-cent cigar.
THAT cat music isn't strong enough to penetrate a brick wall.
THAT there's more science in safe-breaking than there is in poker.
THAT watches with the most expensive movements keep the best time.
THAT the man whose debts are all paid cares much about the decalogue.
—Judge.

IN COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

EX-MINISTER E. J. PHELPS is again on the list of Yale's law lecturers.
AN elective course in swimming has recently been opened to the juniors at Vassar.
WITHOUT an exception Princeton's handsomest building when completed will be the new Commencement hall, the gift of Mrs. Charles Alexander, of New York. The building will cost upward of \$300,000.
COL. AMOS A. PARKER, who recently died in Keene, N. H., at the age of over 101 years, is said to have been undoubtedly the oldest college graduate in the United States. He took his diploma from the university of Vermont.

Just Retribution.

"Did you hear about Andy?" asked one reminiscent westerner of another. "No? Well, Andy made a strike of sixty-five thousand dollars at Cripple Creek. As soon as he got the money in his hands he went down to Denver and blew it in. Rum, cards and fun. You know how it is. The morning that he woke up sober and found all his money gone he set out to punish himself by walking to Cripple Creek. He wouldn't borrow a cent. A fellow who was teaming for me overtook him and offered him a lift, but he wouldn't get in, and he plugged along suttering to himself: 'Walk, curse yer, walk. Blow in your dust, will yer? Then walk, you fool. It'll do you good. No, you needn't stop at no spring. Ain't you drunk enough? Go dry, you son of a gun. Light out and walk, you durned jackass.' And he did."

He Charged the Jury.

During the era of "reconstruction" in South Carolina one Pompey Smash, a coal-black negro, became a "trial justice." It was not long before Pompey had a case before him. When the jury arose and began moving toward the adjoining room for consultation one of the lawyers interposed and said: "May it please your honor, you have not charged the jury." Whereupon Judge Pompey gathered himself up, and, with all possible dignity, said: "Gen'ra of dis jury, as dis is de first time I have had yo befo'me, I charge each one of you one dollar and a half."

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The New Time Card.
Under the new time card, which goes into effect tomorrow, trains will move as follows:
No. 4, to Spokane and Great Northern arrives at 6 p. m., leaves at 6:05 p. m.
No. 2, to Pendleton, Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives 1:15 a. m., departs 1:20 a. m.
No. 3, from Spokane and Great Northern, arrives 8:30, departs 8:35 a. m.
No. 1, from Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives 1:20, departs 1:25 a. m.
Nos. 23 and 24, moving east of The Dalles, will carry passengers. No. 23 arrives at 6:30 p. m., departs 12:45 p. m.
Passengers for Heppner will take train leaving here 6:05 p. m.

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